TO THE DEAD IN CUBA.

Now rest ye safe, and sleep ye fair,
My wearied soldiers in the South;
No more the brazen trumpets blare
Nor cannon bellow at the mouth;
No more the angry flags are tossed
Where trench and sullen fort defy;
Where Death is bred, and Life is lost—
So sleep ye, sleep ye tenderly.

The nations wonder at your deeds;
The Poets sing them—crown you great.
The Kings cry "Wait" to him who needs,
And stand like beggars at my gate.
No more the yellow flag is flown
Like sickly fester on the sky,
The crop of grape and shell is sown—
So rest ye, rest ye tenderly.

Now rest ye safe, and sleep ye fair,
My wearied soldiers, done with war.
Those strange hills hold our glory there
So sleep ye, and forget the scar.
God's peace is where the swords were crossed,
And white stars swing above the sea,
And rest is found where life was lost—
So sleep ye, sleep ye tenderly.
—Theodore Roberts, in N. Y. Independent.

WHAT SQUARED TOM'S ACCOUNT

By GRACE DUFFIELD GOODWIN.

TOM sat by the library table working over his arithmetic lesson. He was trying to find out how much seven yards of calico would cost if one yard cost 11 cents, and his paper was covered with figures. Finally he took a new piece and began again:

To 7 yds. calico at 11 cts..... $ .77

And as he finished the last seven his father looked over his shoulder.

"Bills, Tom?" he asked. "That's right. I only hope you will never get as many as I have." And he dropped into the armchair by the fire, tired with the day's work and glad to be at home again.

Tom came over and leaned against his father's knee for a few minutes' talk before dinner that they always had together.

"Papa," he asked, "when a man does any work, oughtn't he to be paid for it?"

"Certainly," was papa's reply, "if he asks a fair price."

Then they began to talk of something else, and papa forgot the question and his own reply long before dinner was ready.

The next day was Saturday, but Tom stayed in the house, working busily at his arithmetic. Mamma told Kate that she was afraid Tom was not well, and she really looked relieved to see him flying down the hill in the afternoon. Wonder of wonders! he was not late to dinner, but came in early, and slipped into the dining-room before anyone else had come down. He looked a little conscious when a note dropped out of each napkin, and waited impatiently to see them unfolded. Kate opened hers first and glanced through it, breaking out into a merry laughter. Tom looked cross. Kate always laughed at him. He wished he was 16 and she was 12, he would laugh at her all the time.

"Why, Tom," she was saying, "what

"CERTAINLY," WAS PAPA'S REPLY.

perfect nonsense! Mother, did you ever see anything like this? Tom has sent me a bill for helping me yesterday!"

In the meantime papa and mamma had opened their notes, and had discovered that they, too, had received bills from Tom. Papa's ran this way:

Mr. E. W. Ellis,

In account with Tom Ellis:

To two runnings upstairs at one cent	$ 02
To three bringings of paper at two cents	06
To one finding slippers at five cents	05
Sum total	$ 13
Received payment.	

Mamma's was a little different, but these were the items:

To one going to tell Bridget something	02
To three hurryings up when I didn't want to at five cents	15
To two errands at Jones' store at ten cents	20
Total	37

Kate had the worst of all. This is the way hers read:

To four going to Mollie Brown's at five cents	$ 20
To one taking note to professor at ten cents	10
To one holding worsted (cause I hate it) at 25 cents	25
To two taking books to Liberty at four cents	08
Total	$ 63

Papa put his down without saying anything, and mamma looked at Tom with a queer little smile, remarking: "Well, Tom, it seems that the family owes you more than a dollar."

"Yes, ma'am," said Tom, cheerfully; "and papa said if a man asked a fair price for his work he ought to get it. And if you could pay up to-night I could get that dandy big jackknife on Monday—the one like Ned's, you know."

The family didn't say whether it intended to "pay up" at once or not, and Tom felt a little doubtful, when he found papa and mamma talking in the study together afterward, just how his plan would succeed.

However, at breakfast, he found beside his plate a dollar bill, a ten-cent piece and three pennies, and the three bills waiting to be receipted. He signed "Tom Ellis" in big letters to each one, and pocketed his money, thinking of the big knife that he was going to have.

The first thing he did when he came home from school in the afternoon was to run to mamma and show her the four blades—two big ones and two little ones—and she was almost as much pleased as he. At dinner time he was quite surprised to find in his napkin, this time, three little notes just like the ones he had sent to papa and mamma and Kate the night before. He didn't open them until after dinner, because the little doubtful feeling had come back, and he thought he would rather be by himself. When, finally, he did look at them, this is what he found:

Tom Ellis,

In account with Mr. E. W. Ellis:

To one pair skates mended	$ 15
To two pencils sharpened	05
To one St. Nicholas bought	25
	$ 45

The second one was mamma's:

To one pair of trousers mended	$ 25
To ten buttons sewed on	10
To one pair mittens mended	10
To one geography covered	10
To help with lessons	20
	$ 75

The third was Kate's. "She's forgot some things," Tom murmured to himself, as he read it over:

To one skate bag made	$ 15
To one splinter taken from hand	05
To three buttons sewed on shoes	05
To finding cap and mittens	10
To picking up school books	10
	$ 45

"She didn't say anything about making candy for the fellows yesterday, or coming to school with my slate when I forgot it, or showing me how to do that ninth example."

Very quietly Tom sat for a little while, and as he sat there he thought it all over; he remembered ever so many things that papa and mamma hadn't put in their bills. Then he took his slate and pencil to count up all he owed.

It was not very hard to do, and soon the answer—$1.60—stared in his face. Slowly he got up from his chair, slowly went over to the closet, and brought out his red bank in which he kept the money he was saving for his share in the big "lark" that the boys were having made. There wasn't any way out of it. If papa and mamma and Kate asked a fair price for what they had done for him, he surely ought to pay their bills as they had paid his.

He wouldn't have cried for the world, but his throat felt very lumpy when the bank was opened, and all the precious dimes and nickels and pennies were in his hand—$2.03.

Then he took his slate again and did an example in subtraction—$1.60 from $2.03 leaves 43 cents. Back in the bank went 43 cents, and then, dividing the rest according to the bills, he took the money and went upstairs and paid his debts. Kate was going to say: "Keep it, Tom, dear; I don't want your money," but a look at mamma's face warned her. She receipted her bill, mamma and papa signed theirs, and Tom, with a very sober face, kissed the family all good night.

But the little mother's heart went out after the boy, and when he was safely in bed she came in and knelt down with her arms around him.

"Tom," she whispered in his ear, "mothers and little boys don't ever do things for each other for money, or fathers or sisters, either, Tom. What do they do them for, dear?"

And Tom replied steadily and slowly: "Never for anything but love, mother, dear."—S. S. Times.

A SURGEON'S DISCOVERY.

He Found That Irishmen Had Calloused Spots on Their Shoulders.

A young physician, some years ago appointed as interne at one of the hospitals in this city, at one time made a discovery that nearly made him famous. While in attendance at this hospital a scaffolding erected for convenience of workmen at a building in course of erection in this city broke down, injuring seven Irishmen.

The young disciple of Esculapius was in the receiving room when the patient wagons brought in the men. In examining one of the men for injuries he discovered a calloused spot on the right shoulder. He thought nothing of this, until looking over the second man, on whom he discovered the same spot. He then went over the entire bunch of injured men, and found the same mark on each shoulder. Concealing his discovery from his superiors, the young man went about all day with visions of fame floating through his brain. In every conceivable way he managed to obtain a glance during the day at each man's shoulder, to be sure the calloused marks were still there. That night he locked himself securely in his bed chamber and prepared a paper in which, at great length, he dilated upon the discovery he had made. He wrote pages upon the peculiar structural formation of the Irishmen's bodies, and stated that, although in descending generations possibly the spot would be nearly obliterated, so as to become almost unnoticeable, yet he had no doubt that if each and every Irishman in the world was examined, traces of the calloused spot could be found on the shoulder. In the morning, bursting with his newly acquired information, he took one of the physicians of the institution into his confidence. The physician listened to the young man with an air of interest and then asked: "On what shoulder does this calloused spot occur?"

"The right one! The right!" exclaimed the young man, "and I am sure it can be found on all Irishmen's shoulders!"

"So am I," answered the older man, "All Irishmen that are hod-carriers!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Growth of Melbourne.

Melbourne, which consisted of 13 huts, and was known as Beargrass at the time of Queen Victoria's accession, is now classed as the seventh city of the British empire, coming in after London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham and Calcutta.

His Particular Bent.

Fond Mother—If that boy of mine has any particular bent, I can't find it.

Guardian—What experiments have you made to find out?

Fond Mother—Very thorough ones. I gave him a toy printing press, a steam engine, a box of paints, a chest of tools, and a lot of other things carefully selected, to find out whether his tastes were literary, mechanical, artistic, commercial or what, and I know no more than I did before.

Guardian—What did he do with them?

Fond Mother—Smashed them all up.

Guardian—Ah, I see. He is to be a furniture mover.—Tit-Bits.

What Queered Him.

Alleged Blind Man—Beautiful lady, pity de blind.

Miss Antéaque (suspiciously)—How did you know a lady was passing if you are blind?

Alleged Blind Man—By de lightness uv yer tread, lady.

Miss Antéaque (simperingly)—Here is a half-dollar; but I must scold you for saying I am beautiful.

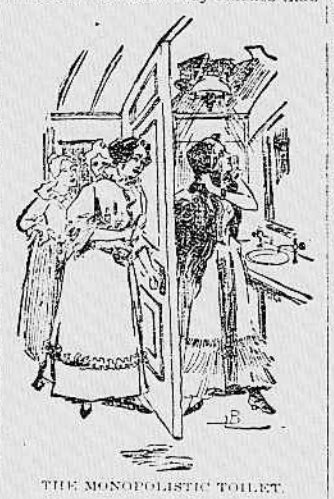
Alleged Blind Man—Ah, lady, if you you knew how badly I needed dis money you would fergive a little lyin' gallantry. T'ank yer.—Judge.

NEEDLESS DISCOMFORTS

How the Thoughtlessness of Travelers Makes Life a Burden. A Car Etiquette Rules.

—Copyright, 1898

Traveling has come to mean discomfort. It does not matter whether one is going from Chicago to San Francisco, from Harlem to the Battery on the New York Elevated railway, or from the St. Charles hotel to the city limits in New Orleans, one is certain to encounter a remarkable number of annoying incidents and to arrive at one's destination smarting under innumerable petty grievances. We breed more irritability in street cars and railway coaches than

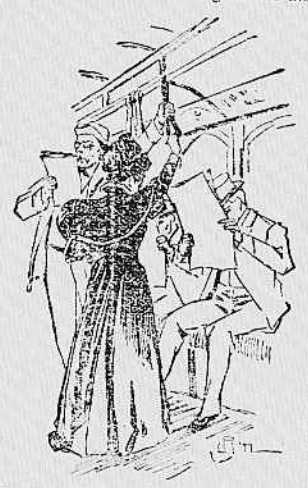


THE MONOPOLISTIC TOILET.

on all the sidewalks in our cities, and without any adequate reason. Once seated in a public conveyance one might well feel that one had found a moment for rest, a moment when one could lay aside the cares of life and enjoy the sense of an advance upon one's destiny which costs nothing in mind or muscle, and which would yet carry him to his destination in better time than he could make by putting forth his best exertion.

But this hour, half hour, or day's journey, as the case may be, that might contribute so much to the busy man or woman's scanty leisure, giving them perhaps their only opportunity for quiet thought, their only relief from the strenuous conflict of the busy day, this time that should go far to conserve their good temper and their strength has become, if it is an hour on the cable car or trolley, the most dreadful ordeal of the day; if it is a railway journey, the most trying experience of the year.

The worst of it is that the major portion of this discomfort is quite unnecessary, that it springs from no adequate



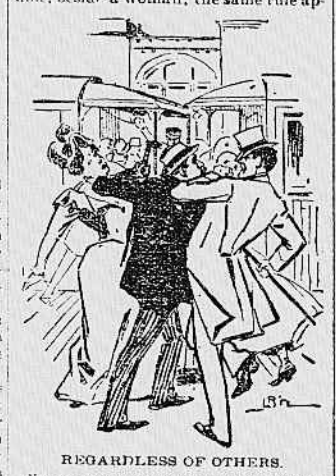
WHERE GOOD BREEDING IS RARE.

comfort of her half-dressed sisters. Such selfish disregard of the rights of others would seem impossible if it were not so familiar to the traveling public.

Very little propriety is possible in a sleeping car, or rather all the more propriety is needed, as the institution is so very democratic, not to say socialistic, in its character. The aristocrat of the sleeping car is the occupant of the drawing room, or little boxed-off compartments at the end. And here again one finds the frequent evidence that an exalted station is not unattended by drawbacks. The occupants of the berths and sections of the sleeper are patricians to the unhappy persons sitting up all night in the day coaches, but their lot does not demand any excess of envy. To secure any comfort one must dismiss dignity and summon fortitude. The sooner dignity is put away at the approach of night and the making up of the berths begins the better; the more dignity at this time the more appalling the contrast in the morning. The one law of the sleepers is to be as comfortable as one can without giving offense to one's neighbors. There are a few minor rules such as those that would impel a gentleman to exchange berths with a lady who had been so unfortunate as to be assigned to an upper birth into which she knows she could never climb. No law compels this sacrifice on the part of the gentleman, but he is quite sure to make it. This is so generally understood that a lady so situated, traveling alone, may feel quite at liberty to ask the conductor of the car to make such an exchange for her. It is needless to say that while one may show many small attentions to one's fellow-travelers and thus contribute not a little to the pleasure of the journey, one can never presume to found an acquaintance upon such a meeting unless the circumstances are very exceptional. A young woman journeying alone will always discourage the attentions of young men unless they belong to a party, the ladies of which show an equal interest in the lonely traveler. Surely there are other and better ways of increasing the list of our acquaintances than by taking advantage of the overcrowding of a railway car.

There is one simple rule which young women and girls would do well to observe upon entering a car where only half seats remain vacant. They should always select a seat beside a woman; while one such seat remains vacant no well-bred girl would share the seat occupied by a man. Once, however, all the seats occupied by her own sex have been filled, it is then admissable for her to occupy the seat with a man.

A man occupying a half seat should always yield his place to two ladies if they are in company, and find another beside some man, or if none are available, beside a woman; the same rule ap-



REGARDLESS OF OTHERS.

plies to a man as to a woman in this regard.

By following this simple rule young women will avoid the possibility of unpleasant conversations being forced upon them, and they will also avoid the appearance of seeking to make acquaintances.

No woman need submit to rudeness or annoyance on any train or car. The conductor is, in such a case, a public officer, to whom it is her duty to appeal immediately. A change of seat is, however, generally sufficiently significant to check the most impudent advances.

A woman is privileged to resent by her manner, or even to point out a vacant seat, to any man who attempts to seat himself at her side while there are unoccupied seats in the car.

Every rule of good conduct, good nature and kindness, is broken a hundred times a day in every crowded street car. People seem to forget their breeding the moment the car stops for them to get on. Crowding and pushing, and elbowing for place is the accepted idea; the passengers take their own time to get on and off unless stimulated by the familiar "Step lively there!" of the conductor. No one will move up to make room for another voluntarily, and no one seems to hesitate to trample upon the feet of his or her neighbors in making the necessary entrance and exit. Men stare without constraint at the women opposite, and the women audibly criticise one another in apparent disregard of wounded feelings and embittered hours.

It is absolutely inadmissable to argue with the conductor upon any disputed point. If the car goes by your corner, or the conductor does not immediately respond to your signal to stop the car, say nothing but alight without a frown upon your brow. After all, it is only a block, and it is better to refrain from relieving your feelings than to make a public exhibition of temper. Moreover the conductor will be silently grateful to you. One should never haggle about change or attempt to pass foreign or doubtful coins on a street car. Try these on one's own tradesmen; it saves disagreeable experiences.

It is, perhaps, that these public conveyances have become so familiar to us that we have ceased to practice reserve and consideration when employing them, but it seems certain that in our own homes we exercise a good nature and forbearance that could not be amiss in our relations with our fellow unfortunates on train and street car.

The Combination Too Strong.

"Your mother agrees with me exactly, Johnny," said his father, proceeding to trim the twigs from a tough switch. "She thinks, with me, that you need a good trouncing, and you are going to get it, my son."

"Yes," bitterly exclaimed Johnny. "You and maw always agrees when it comes to lickin' me. You and maw's the whole thing. I don't never have no show. This fam'ly's run by a trust!"—Chicago Tribune.

The Anarchist is Right.

Mrs. Binks—A noted anarchist of Chicago says that people will wake up some fine morning, and find that Russell Sage has lost every dollar.

Mr. Binks—That's so, every word of it.

"My goodness! When will it be, do you think?"

"When he dies."—N. Y. Weekly.

Declared His Intentions.

Fond Mother—Has Sig. Arturo, with whom you have been dancing all the evening, at last declared his intentions?

"Yes, mamma."

"Thank goodness! And what did he say?"

"He declared he would never get married."—Roxbury Gazette.

A BIGAMIST'S DIARY.

Charles Woodruff is the champion bigamist of the world. He has been married 50 times to as many different women. His average residence with them was about three months. One never saw him after the wedding ceremony—neither did she ever see again about $600 worth of jewelry intrusted to his keeping. In Woodruff's diary were found the following observations on women, love and matrimony:

Just indignation renders a person eloquent indeed.

Marriage often kills love, just as it gave it being.

Love can be crueler than friendship; indifference than hate.

Sentiment is nothing but thought blended with feeling.

Love is a fleeing something. It is like the horizon, always just ahead.

Where our hopes lie, there we most easily deceive ourselves.

Love is not a common thing. Sordid ambition is taking its time-honored place.

Love in the hands of a fin-de-siecle man is like clay in the potter's hand. You can do with it what you wish.

There is no such thing as killing the love we have for one, but there is such a thing as killing the joy there is in that love.

Sometimes a woman's thoughts are vaguely recorded on her face; at other times the face photographs the emotions and thoughts.

You can easily get over caring for persons, but you can't get over living them. If you like them because they are sweet and pure, that is what hurts.

I sometimes feel like the alchemist who spends days and nights beside his retorts, that he may not miss the moment for which he has longed for and waited for.

THE BIBLE IN ENGLISH.

1. Adhelm of Sherborn—A Psalter, 706 A. D.

2. Egbert of Tidisform—The Four Gospels, about 706.

3. Bede finished the translation of the whole Bible into Saxon, 735 A. D.

4. King Alfred—The Psalms and greater part of New Testament, 900 A. D.

5. John Wycliffe—The whole Bible into English, 1380 A. D.

6. William Tyndale—The first printed copy of the Scriptures into English, 1525.

7. Coverdale—The great Bible, finished in London, 1539.

8. William Whittingham—Genevan Bible, 1560.

9. Archbishop Parker—The Bishop's Bible, 1560.

10. A Roman Catholic version of the New Testament was published at Rheims, 1582, and the Old Testament at Douay, 1610.

11. King James VI. commissioned 47 learned men who published in 1611 the Authorized Version.

12. Dr. Blyney, 1769, revised punctuation, added references, etc. This edition, from its accuracy, is called the Standard, is used for the multiplication of correct copies for public use.

13. The Revised Version, prepared at Westminster abbey, 1870, by the greatest Bible scholars of the world.—Union Gospel News.

SIX OF THE BEST TIT-BITS.

A man recently smoked cigarettes all day without any particular harm resulting. The only visible effect was the death of the smoker.

First Boy—"Did your mother punish you for going in swimming without her consent?" Second Boy—"Yes." "What did she do?" "Made me take a bath!"

Mrs. Pouter—"But I want to share all your joys with on." Pouter—"Then let me off on that cape and bonnet." Mrs. Pouter—"But I want to share your sorrows, too."

"That youngest boy of yours does not seem to be a credit to you," said the white man to Uncle Mose. "No, sah," said Uncle Mose. "He is de wustest chile I has. He is mighty bad. He's de white sheep of de fam'ly, sah."

Willie Strutt was playing with the Timbs boys. His mother called him. "Willie, don't you know those are bad boys for you to play with?" "Yes, mother," said Willie, "I know that, but then, I am a good boy for them to play with."

Patent Medicine Proprietor—"Hereafter, all testimonials must be accompanied by orders for at least half a dozen bottles of medicine." Clerk—"Yes, sir." Patent Medicine Proprietor—"If these people want to see their names in print, they ought to pay for it."

USELESS INFORMATION.

Wooden legs are used by over 1,000,000 English-speaking men.

The Sandwich Islanders estimate the beauty of women by their weight.

In the United States only one murderer in 50 is condemned to death.

The people of the United States consume 200,000,000 bottles of pickles annually.

An international matrimonial paper, printed in three languages, is about to make its appearance in Berlin.

The use of coats of arms as a badge for different families did not come into practice till the twelfth century. The Germans are said to have originated it, while the French developed the science.

Several scientific papers have recently announced the discovery that the odor of sweet peas is obnoxious to flies, and that when placed in a sickroom it will keep it free from these tiresome pests.

The tide-like effect of gales on lakes having no ordinary tides is very considerable. In the Caspian a gale will raise the water on one side six feet causing a total difference of level of 12 feet. On Lake Erie heavy gales occasionally cause a difference of level o[illegible]

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

One of the choicest delicacies in Jamaica is a huge white worm found in the heart of the cabbage palm. It tastes, when cooked, like almonds.

For seven years the St. Lawrence river in Canada gradually increases in depth, the difference in level being about five feet.

An unmanned balloon which started from Paris and dropped in Westphalia reached a height of about ten miles and recorded a minimum temperature of 83 degrees Fahr. below zero.

Tattooed dogs are now the fashion in London. A coat of arms or a monogram is marked on the throat or breast of the animal. The process is made almost painless by the use of cocaine.

An unique series of weddings took place recently in the Catholic church at Adelong, when the Misses Hoffman (three) were married to three brothers named Quinn. Two of the brothers who were married were twins, and also two of the sisters. One other brother of the Quinn family is already married to a sister of the Hoffmans.

The wife of an East end clergyman has made a collection of all the buttons placed in the offertory bags during the last two or three years, and has fastened them to cardboard in various cunning shapes of animals, birds and flowers. As a bazar is shortly to take place in connection with the church, she has had these button-pictures photographed, and copies will be on sale at the exhibition.

A unique golden wedding celebration is reported from Bolton. It took the form of a special thanksgiving service at Deane church, Bolton, the parties concerned being Mr. William Hodgkins, formerly chief constable of Oldham, and his wife. Those present included the best man and bridesmaids who officiated 50 years ago in the same church for them, and 40 children and grandchildren.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT.

Mrs. Vanderbilt rejoices in the possession of the most beautiful cat in the world; it cost no less than £200.

Adam Langer, of Royal Oak, Mich., is the oldest breadwinner in that state. He is 94 and drives a milk wagon.

London's latest beauty, Pamela Snowden, never fails to wear a wreath of lilies about her small head, and never does the smallest jewel sparkle about her toilet.

S. N. D. North, of New York, says he was the first person to make a practical business use of the typewriter. He used it first in 1872.

One of the queen of Italy's hobbies is shoe collecting. She has fitted up a large museum which is filled with the footgear of past celebrities, including shoes worn by Joan of Arc and Marie Antoinette.

Mr. T. Sidney Cooper, the royal academician, is still painting at the age of 95 years. He began to exhibit in 1833, and though 64 years of age when made a full R. A., has continued an active member for 31 years.

Peter Schemm, the aged Philadelphia brewer who committed suicide the other day by throwing himself over Niagara falls, for many years could not be induced to extend his list of customers. His beer was regarded as the best in the country, and it was all brewed in the old-fashioned way. He had enough money and he would only supply those or the children of those who had helped him when he was a poor young man.

UNIFORMS OF ALL TIMES.

Valerius Maximus, the Roman emperor, ordered the Roman soldiers to wear red so they would not be frightened at the sight of their own blood, and even now red forms a conspic[illegible] part of French and English uniforms.

In our own army red is not used except for facings, on the ground that it attracts attention in the field, though experiments in Germany prove that a blue target is hit three times where a red one is hit once.

During the revolutionary war each colony had its militia, and the uniforms of each body were different. Later the higher officers came to be known by the colored ribbons worn across their breasts, and the lower officers by the cockade worn in their hats.

In 1821 dark blue was declared to be the national uniform color for both officers and enlisted men, the only exception being scarlet coats for musicians and gray coats for cadets. Various changes took place in the shape of the clothing of the soldiers until 1863, when our uniforms became practically fixed, the cloth for the trousers being light blue and the facings being light blue for infantry, yellow for cavalry and red for artillery.

THE FASHIONABLE TRIMMINGS

For elaborate trimmings both silk applique and beaded trimmings are shown in relief on silk chiffon bands.

Silk applique trimmings in both black and colors are chosen for embellishment where superior effect is designed.

Velvets, plain and mirrored, are favored by many, and Persian designs in silk and in silk and wool supply vests or bands for enriching skirts and waists of costumes made from materials of one color.

Ribbons lose none of their popularity in the flood of trimmings from which a choice may be made. So marked has become the demand that shirred ribbons of popular widths have been introduced and are so freely used that they often overshadow the material they are employed to ornament.

Buttons have regained much of their old-time popularity and are now used by many of the leading couturiers.—American Queen.

Resented.

Drummer—Mr. Greatman was very much charmed with this place! In his book he calls it a quaint and sleepy old town—

Native (indignantly)—Well, it may be quaint, but I don't see nothin' sleepy about a place where everybody's up at four in the morning!—Puck.

Cause and Effect.

Teacher—Why didn't you come to school yesterday?

Tommy Traddles—Please, I was sick.

Teacher—What was the matter with you?

Tommy Traddles—I was sick of school.—Harlem Life.

Unsophisticated.

First Tramp—When you wuz a boy did you ever expect to be in dis business?

Second Tramp—No;—in me childish innocence I t'ought it wuz necessary to work fer a livin'.—Puck.

Further Explained.

"Did you say that gentleman made his fortune by some important discoveries in medical lore?"

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "He discovered a new way to advertise a reliable recipe."—Washington Star.

A DESERTED CITY.

Tale of the Dissolution of One of the Strangest Towns on This Continent.

In Nevada county, Cal., repose the remains of one of the strangest towns on this continent. Meadow Lake is the American Pompeii, whose entombing lava is the summit snow storms, which sometimes bury it 25 feet deep on a level, and whose annual exhuming is brought about by the summer sun, says the New York Herald.

It was in the summer of 1865 that the name Meadow Lake was formally given to the town, previously called Excelsior and Summit City. Until 1858 nothing had been done in the way of prospecting that particular locality.

Henry Hartly, an Englishman, who visited the vicinity in June, 1863, in search of game and chanced to discover fragments of gold, imparted his discovery to his friends. A company was formed and soon after other companies and the building of a city was started.

With the close of the fall of 1865 the new city contained about 150 houses completed and a number of others in course of construction. Then all hopes were blasted. The adventurers awoke to the sad reality that, though there was plenty of gold in Meadow Lake, it was so combined with some substance unknown to the metallurgists that it was effectually locked from the hand of man.

All dreams, the black art, science and metallurgy were set at naught. One after another, as they abandoned hope, the disappointed gold seekers turned their backs on Meadow Lake and went down the mountain.

More than $2,000,000 had been poured into that bottomless abyss of California known as "dead work," to pay for mills, roads, buildings and mining.

For years the solitary inhabitant of Meadow Lake was Hartly, the Englishman who was mainly responsible for the existence of the town.

CATS PROTECT CHICKENS.

Three Semi-Wild Tabbies Pounce Upon a Hawk That Invaded a Poultry Yard.

H. C. Barnett, who lives near Media, has in his possession the body of a chicken hawk that was killed in a peculiar manner, reports the Philadelphia Record. Barnett is a general farmer, but makes a specialty of poultry raising. Since he has owned the farm three old cats left by the former tenant have hung about the place in a semi-wild state. At first Barnett tried to tame the animals, but they repulsed all friendly overtures and took up their abode in the barn. However, as they did not harm the chickens they were not molested.

The other day, while Barnett was on his barn roof replacing some shingles, he heard a loud cackling in the yard below. Looking down, he saw a number of his chickens huddled together and seemingly greatly agitated. Then he discovered a large hawk just preparing to make a swoop. Barnett was preparing to descend to the rescue when the hawk made a plunge at the terrified fowls. The robber was leisurely preparing to carry off a chicken when there was a quick patter of feet and the three cats bounded into view. The hawk made an effort to escape with its prey, but the cats came to the rescue in the nick of time. The hawk made a spunky resistance, but the combined assault of the cats overpowered him, although only after a fierce battle. Barnett had reached the battlefield by this time, and he rescued the hawk's body from the cats.

POETESS ON COMPLEXION.

She Says That Love and Sorrow Only Intensify the Beauty of Women.

A poetess of passion has written an article on the art of keeping young, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. She does not call it that and she devotes nearly all her space to complexions. Of figures or hair or dress or ideas she says not a word. She says women do not paint or calcimine their faces in this enlightened age, but they do work over them and think about them and spend money on them. They do not tell the men of their acquaintance the brand of cold cream or the make of loofah they employ, because men are prejudiced beings and cannot conceive of virtue and pearl powder in the same person. Man thinks soap and water sufficient cosmetics for any woman. The poetess of passion flouts him; she says there are scores of excellent persons of the feminine persuasion who never use soap on their faces. One of the most beautiful women she knew at 60 had a pink and white skin, the result of bathing in hot milk, and never having used soap.

The observing writer goes on to say that the popular idea that amiable, unfeeling, unemotional women alone can retain their youthful complexions is a fallacy. Love and sorrow intensify instead of spoiling beauty, she says. It is only the lower and meaner passions, like envy and spite and ill-temper, which mar the face beyond repair, and the poetess believes in skin tonics and skin food, massage and all the other scientific aids to beauty.

No Chance for a Conflict There.

"A conflict of arms," he said, "is a terrible thing."

"Of course," she replied, blushing prettily; "and so inexcusable, too. I hold that the disposition a man makes of his arms is none of a girl's business."

After that, of course, there was no chance for a conflict.—Chicago Post.

He Couldn't Understand It.

"Pa," said the alderman's little son, "is there any truth in the story that George Washington never told a lie?"

"Yes, I guess there is," was the reply.

"Well," continued the embryo statesman, "I don't see how he ever got his pull in politics."—Chicago Daily News.

His Answer.

Mrs. Grum (looking up from her newspaper)—I have just been reading an item about a man who traded his dog for another man's wife.

Old Grum—Hoh! Some men don't care much for dogs.—N. Y. Journal.

The Supreme Test.

Jackson—Heaven bless him! He showed confidence in me when the clouds were dark and threatening.

Wilson—In what way?

Jackson—He lent me an umbrella.—Chicago Journal.